

The Tiger



VOL. VIII.

CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., NOVEMBER 15, 1912.

No. 5

THE D. A. R. CONFERENCE

EVERYBODY

The Sixteenth Annual Conference of the South Carolina Daughters of the American Revolution was held last week at Clemson College with the Andrew Pickens Chapter as hostess. Most of the homes on the hill were opened to the seventy five or more delegates, who came from all parts of the State.

On Wednesday evening, November 6, the Conference began with an open session to which every one in the community was invited. Mrs. F. Louise Mayes of Greenville, the State Regent, presided, and most gracefully introduced the speakers of the occasion. Dr. W. M. Riggs welcomed the ladies in behalf of Clemson College. Mrs. Andrew Bramlett, regent of Andrew Pickens Chapter, expressed in a delightful manner, the gratification of the local chapter in having as its guests representatives of all the South Carolina Daughters.

Mrs. G. F. von Kolnitz of Charleston most gracefully responded to these words of welcome, in behalf of the visitors.

The State Regents' report was then given by Mrs. Mayes. This report showed splendid progress in the affairs of the D. A. R. in our state. Much of this success is undoubtedly due to Mrs. Mayes' splendid leadership.

The college band played several selections, and delightful solos were sung by Mrs. M. R. Powers of Clemson and Mrs. C. B. Keitt of Charleston.

These exercises were followed by a reception in the college parlors, which was given by the Board of Trustees in compliment to the ladies of Andrew Pickens and their guests.

Thursday morning and evening were devoted to business. At the morning session, Miss Elizabeth Townes rendered a beautiful piano solo, and in the evening Mrs. Gardner sang. A number by the Glee Club Quartett was also a feature of the evening.

A dress parade by the corps of cadets took place at noon Thursday. The afternoon was devoted to showing the visitors the college and points of interest in the vicinity.

Business session occupied Friday morning and afternoon. Friday evening Andrew Pickens Chapter entertained in the gymnasium at a reception in honor of the visiting ladies.

"Two young girls were drinking tea when a young man passed. As he passed the first girl blushed, displayed a beautiful ring on her white hand, and murmured: 'Well; Jack and I are to be married Easter week.'"

"But, said the other girl, 'I thought you had thrown Jack over!'"

"'Oh, so I did,' the first replied; 'but—but you know how a girl throws.'"—Washington Star.

Give ear, you men with ideas in your heads! Don't speak until you have read this article through, then read it through again, and think—yes, think! No, William, this is no get-rich-quick real estate deal. The entire results of this venture cannot yet be foretold, indeed, they may never be known. But listen to this:—

The Plan

There is going to be a large whirlwind campaign for Y. M. C. A. members. No, Theodore, we shall not insist that you join unless your best friend desires it. We want you to get busy and want to join, and then get the above mentioned best friend to join along with you. And why? Well, there are many reasons why. But you will want in on this so that your name may appear when the big Feed comes off. You see, we are going to give a huge spread to the side which secures the largest number of members by December 1st; and if things pass off pleasantly enough, we are going to allow all the men on the winning team, to invite all the men, whose memberships they secure, to sit by their sides at the banquet—it may be they will be allowed to eat a bit of it now and then. But

Here's What We Want

We want a pair of names, applications, if you please (whatever that is), for the two sides that are going to carry on this campaign. Not a couple of nice gentle names such as Ferdinand and Rosalie; but two really hostile names—something that suggests a fight, or struggle between the two. For example, or to-wit: the Giants and the Red Sox, or the Tigers and the Gamecocks—something of the sort. Do you get the idea? Well,

Here's What You Get

We mean the man who submits the best pair of names—There is to be only one prize.

For the best suggestion, 1 box (two dozen cakes) of Hershey's Chocolate!

Get Busy!

These suggestions must be turned in at room 83 by next Wednesday noon. As soon as the names are decided upon, the winners will be announced, and the big campaign will start.

The Fair Trip

"Oh you great big beautiful fair," are the words in which a Clemson man would describe the state fair—and the expression fits well. With one exception, everything was perfect so far as Clemson men were concerned. That exception will come in its place.

At Clemson, the bugle sounded reveille at 5:30, and no one was late. Breakfast was served at 6:00, and every one was too excited to eat. The command, Forward march!, was given at

7:30, and 712 feet were lifted at the command. Ten minutes later, a line of grey stretched half way to Calhoun. On the siding stood two trains of cars,, flying the purple and gold, and headed with a six driver, each with a tiger perched in front. In a few minutes, the first division was speeding over the rails, with its freight of half the corps of Clemson cadets. Ten minutes later, the second division steamed out of the yard, Columbia bound. It was an ideal day; and, all along the way, the air was filled with the shouts and songs of the happy Tiger family. Each station had its crowd of waiting friends; and the trip was a merry one.

Long before night, the trains had dumped their Tiger brood at the fair ground gate; and soon the flags were flying over Camp Simpson. A guard was mounted, mess served, and then the gates flew open. There was a rush for the cars, and the fun began. Nor did it cease the whole week through, save for a few brief minutes on Thursday.

That was where the "exception" came in. It was then that we watched the "Tiger" team go down in defeat on the football field. But though the moment was bitter, it was short. The Tigers fought hard, but were overmatched. The loss of the game to such a team as Carolina put out this year, was no disgrace; and this was sufficient to lessen the sting of defeat. The Clemson men bore it well, and this was a victory in itself. Carolina was a generous conquerer; and treated the defeated with every consideration. After all, there are no regrets as to the outcome of the contest; for it has done much towards removing the bitter feeling that has existed between the two institutions since 1902. A better understanding now exists; and, with it, comes a friendlier feeling.

On the streets that night, the Gamecocks flapped their wings with pride; but this was their right, and the Tigers felt no resentment. Nor was the pleasure of the evening lessened for the Clemson men. They had their share of the fun, not only that night, but until a late hour on the following night.

The corps broke camp early Saturday morning.

The return trip was made on good time. The crowd was a little less happy on account of regrets at leaving and from the fact that all were tired. It was a broken line that climbed the hill past the main building; for some were forced to lag behind. But at last, all were in. Then the old halls woke to life again. There was a great splashing heard in the bath room. Then all was quiet again. Whether or not the seven hundred knelt for prayers it is scarcely safe to say; but in their hearts, all gave thanks for beds again.

Eleven hours long they slept

Slept, slept, slept.

Over them meanwhile there crept

Crept, crept, crept.

Sweet visions so wondrous clear

Clear, clear clear.

T'was visions of fair week so dear

Dear, dear, dear.

AN AFTERMATH OF HAZING

Some weeks ago in "The Tiger" I published an article on hazing, and included several letters from parents, believing that they would give to the students an "inside view" not otherwise obtainable.

Few of the cadets realize to what extent failures in class work, and all sorts of dissatisfaction are laid at the door of

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hazing. I therefore publish a letter received since the students' report for the first month went home,—one of many similar letters which from time to time come to the President's desk.

The boy's letter, which the parent enclosed, was a good natured account of having been required to roll a spool across the floor with his nose, and having a boxing match with another new cadet, both armed with boxing gloves. The boy's letter brims over with fun, and there is an undercurrent of delight in the recital of his adventures. However, the mother viewed them in quite different spirit. Here is her letter:

"President W. M. Riggs,
Clemson, S. C.

Dear Sir:—

I received my first report this evening, from my boy, and must say that I am not surprised that he is marked "failure" on four studies. I know full well from his letters that hazing was being practiced to an extent that———could not study.

Every letter he writes me that the boys are giving him Hail Columbia, see enclosed clipping from his last letter. He does not want to become unpopular, and will not report it, and I beg you not to give him away, but I think you ought to know or have some idea of what is going on. This hazing spirit is what is keeping my boy from making good, is my honest opinion. Now, I am making a life and death struggle to keep my boy at school, and I know him to be a good student. He always led his class in Mathematics, and made good in the other studies, and now to report failure on everything, I cannot but think that there is something wrong. If he cannot make his class, I had better take him home. Please advise me what is best to do.

Accept my sincere thanks for any interest you may take in my boy.

Very respectfully,"

The boy's letter to which the parent refers is too good to omit. It is so thoroughly genuine that it cannot fail to be appreciated by every one who reads it. However, it ought to teach every boy to be careful how he writes home, so as not unintentionally cause anxiety and worry to his parents. The boy tells me that he had no idea that his letter would be taken so seriously, or be made to account for his failure in his classes:

"Everybody is happy up here now, for we have but one more week before we go to Columbia. Last night some boys came to my room and carried me to their room and put a spool on the floor and made me roll it across the room with my nose. Every time I would let the spool turn crosswise, they would give me a lick with the hair brush. I sure did have a sore conjunction when I finished. After they got through with me, they got another "rat" in the room that weighs about 180 lbs. and made me and him box. That sure was some fun. We had boxing gloves and it would not hurt much. So I boxed him out in about ten minutes, but I sure was tired when I got through. Sunday evening me and —— went to walk and went about a half mile from barracks and met the Commandant, and he asked if we knew that we were off limits, and he sure did burn us proper. We did not know that we were off limits. That means to walk three hours and stay in our rooms nine hours.

Well, will have to close. Write me real soon.

Your affectionate son"

November 7, 1912.

W. M. Riggs, President.

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W. M. RIGGS, President, Clemson College, S. C.

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THE TIGER

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EDITORIALS

All along, its the same old song,
"Hey, Bo! Take me to the 'sto.'"
"Refrain,
I can't, 'cause I'm busted now."

Wake up fellows! the fair is over! You had a good time. You came back broke. It was hard luck that we lost the game. And, yes, it is tough to start to work again. But you have told everyone about it. Now forget it, brace up, and get on your job." It is just a few weeks until Christmas, and then you will have a similar story to tell. But do not forget that examinations come before that good time. Will you be ready for them?

A football victory along with the Thanksgiving turkey will taste all the better after the "Gamecock" dish

Henderson-Lykes

Special to The State

Ninety-Six, Nov. 2.—Thursday afternoon, October 31, Coke S. Lykes of Clemson and Miss Kate Margaret Henderson of Blairs were married by the Rev. William H. Hamilton of Ninety-Six, in a most impressive ceremony.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Henderson and is a most charming young woman of rare beauty and of sweet and attractive personality. The groom is a recent graduate of distinction from Clemson College and now holds a prominent position at his alma mater. After a trip of some days Mr. and Mrs. Lykes will make their home at Clemson.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

By W. M. Riggs, before the opening meeting of the South Carolina D. A. R.

Madam Regent, Delegates to the State Conference of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Ladies and Gentlemen:

We are accustomed to look down from this rostrum every day into the faces of 700 young men who represent in part, at least, the hope and future of South Carolina. It is indeed an honor and a privilege to see gathered in this same hall in so great a cause, the flower of South Carolina womanhood.

The census figures, just published, give to this State along with only four others in the Union, the unique distinction of having fewer men than women. In South Carolina, there are 100 women to every 98½ men.

Well may we men felicitate ourselves on the delightful state of affairs, undeterred even by the sad contemplation of that poor unmated fraction of humanity,—that half-a-man! And as for you, think of the independent position this cold census ratio implies, not a enough men to go around—it is not a question of choice in South Carolina, but of Arithmetic.

Well may we look with compassion on those poor States where in order to control the male majority, lovely woman must needs have recourse to the ballot. In South Carolina no such device is necessary. Here woman suffrage would bring no change in our political affairs, for husbands would continue to vote in accordance with the wishes of their wives, and the vote would merely be doubled. The result would not be different, for who will dare to assert that in South Carolina there is even one unmarried woman old enough to vote?

The women of South Carolina,—all honor to them,—have been too busy commemorating the valorous deeds of the dead giants, to deign as yet to turn their attention to our paltry, present day political affairs.

Man in his vanity may assume that he makes the history of a country, but his deeds would be forgotten, and his dust crumble into obscurity did not patriotic organizations of women, such as this, perpetuate in marble shaft and bronze tablet the deeds of the patriots and of statesmen. What sort of army would that country have whose women applauded not its triumphs of arms, built no monument to valor, inscribed no tablets to show to future generations their estimate of lofty public public service and private virtue?

To the preservation of the sacred spots of history is your great organization dedicated. Throughout this and other states its labors make real to present and future generations what would be otherwise but dull printed lines of history.

No section of South Carolina is so redolent with memories of Revolutionary and Indian times as is this sunset corner of the State, which in early Colonial times, hardly counted a part of the Commonwealth. It was in 1768 that Patrick Calhoun, the father of the great John C., first demanded of the Legislature, then sitting in Charlestown, representation and justice for the people of the up country. The next year he took his seat among the law makers as the first representative from upper South Carolina.

No more romantic age of chivalry and courage does history show than Revolutionary times in upper South Carolina.

As early as 1730, the King of England sent Sir Alexander Cummings across the Atlantic and into the wilds of western South Carolina, to make a treaty with the great Cherokee Indian

tribe, 1-10 of whose territory lay in the upper part of South Carolina. The treaty was made in the little Indian town of Keowee which stood on the banks of the Keowee—in sight from the tower of this building. Twenty five years later the Colonial Governor, James Glenn, made another treaty with the Indians, which included permission to build a chain of forts across upper Carolina. One of these forts was Prince George on the Keowee, the outlines of whose site can still be seen.

When the Revolution broke out, the Cherokee Indians sided with the British. General Williamson was sent against them, and in 1776 threw up fortifications on 18 mile creek, the remains of which can be traced in the brickyard of Mr. J. C. Stribbling about four miles from the College. About the same time he built Fort Rutledge on the Seneca river, its guns commanding the Indian village located in one of the great river bottoms now owned and planted by the College. This fort was guarded by two companies of rangers, and near it the gallant Capt. Salvador was slain in the battle of Essenecca with the Indians and Tories.

When John C. Calhoun came into possession of the farm on which he made his home during the last twenty-five years of his life, he called the place Fort Hill in commemoration of Fort Rutledge. The site of this old fort has been suitably marked by the local chapter, a pentagon of cement block construction marking one corner of the old wall.

Within the radius of a few miles of the College near Cherrys Crossing, is the home place of Gen. Andrew Pickens, and a few miles further, begins the County of Anderson named for that gallant Revolutionary hero, Gen. Robert Anderson.

No scene in Colonial times can rival that of Gen. Pickens under the great oak, whose site has been permanently marked, signing a treaty of peace with five of the great Indian tribes encamped upon his lands. Not even William Penn in his treaty with the Indians of Pennsylvania, accomplished so great a feat for civilization or for liberty.

Pendleton is named in honor of Henry Pendleton of Virginia, who with his brother Nathaniel, joined the "Culpepper Minute Men," the first patriotic regiment organized in the South to fight for liberty. It was during their service in South Carolina that Henry Pendleton was captured by Cornwallis at the surrender of Charleston. Learning that he was to be hanged at dawn to the town gate, he forged the signature of the British Commanding officer and made good his escape.

After the war, Gen. Pendleton located in South Carolina, and in 1785 was appointed as one of a Commission to revise the State Laws. He was afterwards a member of the Constitutional Convention, but died a few years after his State had adopted the Federal Constitution, and twenty days before Washington took the oath of office.

About the little town that bears this name cluster many rich historic memories. Here it was that the first newspaper in western South Carolina, "The Pendleton Weekly Messenger," appeared in 1808. It was issued from a little printing press which Gen. Nathaniel Green used during his campaign to publish his military orders. The printer and publisher of this little paper, Mr. John Miller, had fled from England because of his connection with the celebrated "Junius" letters which between the passage of the Stamp Act and the opening of the Revolutionary War, shook England to its center.

The first court house in Pendleton was built of logs, but

on its court records we find no less illustrious names than those of John C. Calhoun, George McDuffie, Zacharia Taliaferro, Warren R. Davis, and Francis Burk. Near the court house stands old "Farmers' Hall," where was organized the oldest Agricultural Society in the State, and the second oldest in the nation. Of this Society, Thoman G. Clemson was a member, and his name appears often on its minutes as a leader in its discussions. Here no doubt he received his inspiration to build an agricultural college for the beloved people of his adopted State.

If it is your good fortune to visit the town of Pendleton, you will see on the town square a brass dial presented to the town by Mr. Huger, whom legend connects with an attempt to liberate Gen. Lafayette from his Austrian prison. The brass cannon used in the Red Shirt campaign of 1876, is mounted in the yard of Farmers' Hall and last night came to life to announce the election of the first Democratic president since Cleveland.

In the Episcopal grave yard in Pendleton lie the remains of many members of John C. Calhoun's family, although the body of the great statesman himself is interred in Charleston. There too are the graves of Thomas G. Clemson and Gen. Bernard Bee, who at the first battle of Manassas, gave to Gen. Thomas Jackson his sobriquet of "Stonewall."

Between the College and historic Pendleton is the Old Stone Church built in 1797 by the Presbyterians. In this old church Gen. Andrew Pickens worshipped, and in the old grave yard in 1817, was he buried. Here later were buried his wife, Rebecca Calhoun, and the nineteenth Governor of South Carolina, his son, Gov. Andrew Pickens.

Printer Miller, who donated the land for the church and grave yard, lies here in an unmarked grave. On the lower side

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of the cemetery, lies a victim of the code duello, Turner Bynum, killed in nullification days by Major B. F. Perry, (afterwards Governor of South Carolina.) The grave is unmarked by slab or shaft, but legend has it that the two pine poles used to lower his body into the grave in the hurry of a stormy midnight burial, stuck into the ground at the head and foot of the grave, took root and grew into the majestic pines that until recently marked the spot.

In the martial times of the revolution, love too left its mark no less enduring than those of battle. As you go to Pendleton, you will cross Eighteen Mile Creek, which recalls the story of the Indian maiden "Cateechee" who named the water courses as she crossed them in her successful mission from Fort George to warn the white settlers at Ninety-Six of an impending Indian massacre. Surely it is a fitting ending for the story to add that the Indian maiden and her "pale-face" lover married and lived happily ever afterward.

On the College campus stands the old homestead of the great Calhoun, and adjoining this the little study in which were written those great speeches which edified the nation. In the old mansion you will find the chair which was once owned by Gen. George Washington, and on the great sofa is carved the spread eagle from which was copied the national emblem of America.

Fifty years ago in the little study where his father-in-law before him had dreamed of a millenium in republican government, but passed away before the coming of his kingdom, Thos. G. Clemson, also who knew the need of his adopted people, saw visions and dreamed dreams. He pictured upon these green hills a college that was to meet those needs. Into his will and testament went this purpose of his life, and Clemson College stands to-day a monument to the unselfish patriotism of Thos. G. Clemson, who gave to its establishment all that he had.

These are but a few of the historical settings of this Conference, for time will not permit me to prolong their recital.

I bid you welcome to Clemson College, hallowed as it is by clustering memories of a great historic past, burning with great hope and pressing forward to a destiny of consecrated service. I trust you will carry back with you to your homes a mental picture of the College and its people, in which the warm colors and the high lights will predominate.

It is not a city welcome that we offer you, but a country welcome, in which the pressure of the hand betokens the warmth of the heart. The latch string hangs at the front, and the drinking gourd at the rear, and the dinner bell, full of sound and fury, but signifying something, can be heard again in the land.

To all that hospitality can offer, are you welcome, even to the loan of any cadet to any mother or sister who may be here attending, or a mortgage on any one of them, if that be desired by some one not too much of kin. There is no limit to our desire to make you welcome, and to show you how deeply we appreciate the honor of your presence here.

I trust, Madam Regent, that not in vain have I used the ten minutes you so kindly gave me to express in behalf of the Board of Trustees, whose eloquent Chairman is unable to be present,—in behalf of the faculty, the student body and the loyal citizens of this little community, a welcome that is both heart felt and sincere.

November 6, 1912.

W. M. Riggs.

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To "The Fair" of the Fair

In after years, when aged and bent
And robbed of joys that youth hath lent,
We count to-day as of the past
Where we must turn for joys at last;

When wasted are the forms so proud
That surge to-day among the crowd,
And feeble grown with tottering sway
The step that now so light and gay;

When weakly flows the blood grown cold
That surged erst while from young hearts bold
And dims the eyes that now so bright
Behold with joy the wonderous sight—

Even then a ray of light shall flash
On memory's screen, and swiftly dash
The hanging cloud of somber care
That age has draped so dismal there,

And in its place shall we behold
Old Clemson's flag, purple and gold;
While by it turned with cords of love
The blue and white C. C. above,

And linked with these the first the same,
But crested with C. F. W's name
Nor missing from this scene of yore
The garnet and black of our worthy foe.

The flags beneath, with pensive air
And arm outstretched, a maiden fair—
On either side with jealous eye
A Tiger bold a Gamecock spy.

The scene gives way to one as fair,
The trolley's roar, the bright lights glare,
And in and out among the throng
Dash boys in gray with shout and song.

The picture fades—but see again!
A football field, those brawny men,
Far down the field the pig-skin soars
The grand stand sways and rocks and roars.

Again there sounds a bugle call,
To arms they rush, battalions all.
They forward march to heh, heh, heh,
And pass review in line and step.

Just one more scene—but best of all,
The hour grows late, the shadows fall,
A cozy chair, a soft light glows,
A cirling arm—but no one knows.

Tis thus shall we in years to come
Find joy again—and there are some
Will need it then—by memory's light
In fair week scenes with pleasure bright.

Camp Simpson then to us is dear,
Columbia's maids, Columbia's cheer,
Our generous foe, and, e'er shall be
C. F. W. girls and the C. C.

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